Could I rage and roare as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for she was borne at sea) I haue named so,
Heere I change your charity withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to giue her
Princely training, that she may be manner'd as she is borne.
Cleon, Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corne, for which,
The peoples prayers daily fall vpon you. must in your childe
Be thought on, if neglect should therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my duty, but if to that,
My nature need a spurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation,
Per. I beleeue you, your honour and your goodnesse,
Teach mee toot without your vowes till she be married,
Maddam, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnsisterd shall his heyres of mine remaine,
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leaue:
Good Maddam, make me blessed, in your care
In bringing vp my childe.
Dion. I haue one my selfe, who shall not be more deere to my respect then yours my Lord.
Per. My thanks and prayers.
Cleon. Wee'l bring your graces to the edge of the shore, then giue you vp to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentlest windes of heauen.
Per. I will embrace your offer come deerest Madame.
O no teares *Lychorida*, no teares looke to your little Mistris, on whose grace you may depend heereafter: come my Lord.

Enter Cerymon and Thaisa.

Cer. Maddam, this Letter, and some certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command:
Know you the Character?
Thai. It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea, I well remember,
euen on my learning time: but whether there deliuered, by the

holy Gods, I cannot rightly say: but since King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I nere shall see againe, a vestall liuery will I take me to,
and neuer more haue ioy.
Cler. Maddam, if this you purpose as ye speake,
Dianes Temple is not distant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreouer if you please a Neece of mine,
Shall their attend you,
Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, the gift small. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and setled to his owne desire?
His wofull Queene we leaue at *Ephesus*,
vnto *Diana* ther's a votarisse.
Now to Marina bend your minde,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In Musickes letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace
Which makes high both the art and place
Of generall wonder but alacke
That monster Enuy oft the wracke
Of earned praise, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen ripe for marriage fight: this Maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certaine in our story, she
Would euer with Marinar be,
Beet when they weaude the sleded silke,
With fingers long, small, white as milke,
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which she made more sound
By hurting it, or when to'th Lute
She sung, and made the night bed mute,